

THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

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THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, DEC. 20, 1850.

MACON, GA., Dec. 10.

The State Convention of Georgia assembled today at 10 o'clock. Judge Hill was called to the Chair, and R. S. Lanier appointed Secretary.

Thomas Spaulding was appointed President; Hon. W. B. Wofford and A. J. Miller were elected Vice Presidents, and R. S. Lanier, Secretary. Appearances indicate that there will be great unanimity in the Convention.

The Pittsburgh, Pa., Gazette says:—"The letter of the President to Dr. Collins, in relation to the Fugitive Slave Law, has met with a more unanimous and hearty acquiescence by the whole people than any other State paper which has emanated from the Executive chair for many years. Scarcely any document could have been conceived better calculated to allay excitement, rally the people on the only safe and true platform of law, order, and obedience to the constitution. The prudence and ability which dictated it show that Mr. Fillmore is most admirably fitted to guide the helm of State in troublous times, and to adorn the high post he fills with so much republican simplicity."

The Savannah Republican, one of the ablest Southern papers, and a strong advocate for Union upon the Constitutional principles, says to the North:

"Let their clergy leave off their abolition lectures, sermons and prayers, and turn their attention inward to their own short comings, and leave us to take care of our own business and work out our own salvation. We are in no need of their advice, and we view their department as parasitical and impertinent. Let them mind their own affairs, in short, and cease these unrelenting crusades against their southern brethren. Their position is to preach the gospel of peace, and they preach envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness; and all that too with a mock sun try which causes them to be viewed as worthy to join the holy army of martyrs at moment's notice. Let the people at the North for a moment reflect, that if the sentiments of such papers as the Boston Atlas, the Albany Evening Journal, the New York Tribune and Evening Post, were to prevail throughout the North, this Union could not last a week."

HE LIKES HER.—Somebody who has heard Miss Lind sing, thus addresses a friend in the vicinity, through Holden's Magazine:—

"Come and hear her! Sell your old clothes, dispose of your antiquated boots, distribute your hats, hypocrite your jewelry, come on the canal, work your passage, walk, take up a collection to pay your expenses, raise money on a mortgage, sell 'Tom' into perpetual slavery, dispose of 'Bose' to the highest bidder, stop smoking for a year, give up tea, coffee, and sugar, dispense with bread, meat, 'garden peas,' and 'rich like' luxuries—only get the needful change, only 'relieve the breeze,' and then come and hear Jenny! But I am at the bottom of my paper, and I must close, in a state of excitement unparalleled since that of Adam, when he woke up one fine morning, and saw Eve 'making the tea,' and getting breakfast in the back yard of his country-seat."

"Essentially yours,"

The N. Y. Tribune speaks of the "sacred" concerts given in that city by Madam Anna Bishop as affording "an enjoyment truly elevated and religious."

We confess we cannot but doubt the "religious" influence of the singing of any woman who ran away from a gentlemanly husband and a house full of children and took up with a pot-bellied Italian scrapper of cat-gut.

DISUNION.—A henpecked husband made legal complaint against his better half one day last week, in Pittsburgh. He stated that she cut up his shirts and trampled them under her feet, threw a knife at him and hit him with a poker, and wound up by driving him from the house with a knife, and throwing a ham after him. Hot times in Pittsburgh. Disunion is stalking abroad.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.

Senators Butler, of S. C., and Davis, of Mississippi, appeared in the Senate to-day. I understand that Mr. Clay is on his way to this city, and that by Monday next there will be a pretty full attendance. Both Houses have adjourned to Monday, and in the mean time, the Speaker will arrange the Standing Committees. Two demonstrations of some importance were made in the House. Mr. Hampton, of Penn., who is the leader of the tariff interest, gave notice of a bill to grant Pennsylvania three millions of acres of public land, in aid of her internal improvements. The old States seeing that the lands are granted so liberally to the new States for improvements, are disposed to put in a claim for their share of the spoils. It is another mode for carrying into effect the repudiated policy of distributing among the States the proceeds of the sales of the public lands. A committee of five members was ordered to be appointed to consider and report upon the proper means for expediting the issue of warrants, under the general land bounty act. The business now goes on slowly, and it will occupy, at the present rate of progress, ten years to complete it. The department of the interior is opposed to the policy of rendering the land warrants assignable, but it is very probable that Congress will do it, for the benefit of the warrantees. It is pretty well understood that Congress will give little attention to private claims hereafter, and that an experiment will be made of the utility of a Board of Commissioners to adjudicate all private claims on the government.

The members of Congress generally, and the Cabinet, all predict a quiet and business like session. It is seen and felt, that it will be dangerous for Congress to add fuel to the flame that is already excited in the South. Even Seward, dare not hazard his power at home by renewing agitation.

The movements in Richmond attract much attention here, and will carry continuation through the North and West.—The proposition of Gov. Floyd, to resort to "a mild and conciliatory measure" for covering the north into compliance with constitutional obligation, will stir the business interests of the non-slaveholding States. It not only embraces a tax on the products and goods of non-slaveholding States, brought into the State, but also upon the foreign goods imported through these States, thereby encouraging a direct trade, as well as her own industrial pursuits.

The intelligence of the act of the Vermont Legislature, nullifying the Fugitive law, was received here to-day, and is just in time to induce the Virginia Legislature to carry into effect Gov. Floyd's proposition at once.—Cor. Char. Conn.

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU SPEAK.—Hush! why should you speak against the character of a female? It is all she has to depend upon in this world. Just give the impression which she is not so good as she should be, and it will fly to every nook and corner of the town. The story you whisper will return in tones of thunder, to astonish even yourself, who was the first guilty wretch to repeat so base a story. A word has often proved the ruin of a virtuous soul—a word thoughtlessly spoken it may be, but reported by an evil mind suppress any thought, which, if uttered, might injure the character or feelings of another. A thought may be stifled at its birth, but a word spoken may never be lost. Weigh every thing you utter, so that none may misconstrue your language or receive a wrong impression. Above all, never, even in jest, whisper words, which if true, would throw a blight upon a spotless reputation.

COMMENDABLE PRACTICES.—For a gentleman to smoke a cigar in the streets, particularly a bad one.

For two or more gentlemen to stand about the centre of the sidewalk, and converse a considerable length of time, and compel all those passing to turn aside to get round them, and, in many instances, to have to step over the gutter into the street.

For a gentleman under any circumstances even in fun, to give another a flat contradiction.

When two gentlemen are standing aside in conversation, for a third to come up and say, "No intrusion, I hope!"

That must be a very foolish, rash woman who will put tubs out of doors to catch soft water when it is raining HARD.

"This animal," said an itinerant showman, "is the royal African hyena, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same distance back again, making in all twenty eight feet. He cries in the woods in the night season, like a human being in distress, and then devours all those who come to his assistance; a sad instance of the depravity of human nature!"

A POINTED THRUST AT ABOLITIONISM.

The New York correspondent of the New Orleans Bulletin hits off Abolitionism most happily in the following programme, which it is a great pity could not be carried out in a good representation:—

The Abolitionists were to have a grand meeting and torch light procession in Boston. I have as yet seen no programme, but I would be glad to see the following adopted, which I offer them through you, gratis:—

Hon. Horace Mann as Marshal of the night, riding a one legged Donkey.

Band—playing "Rogue's March."

The Executive Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society, carried by negroes, and headed by a banner, with the motto "Arcades Ambo."

Fred Douglas and Charles Francis Adams, arm in arm.

Banner—"Evil Communications, etc."

Garrison in the dress of "Amuliah Sheek," borrowed for the occasion from "Portno."

Police. Police. Police.

Delegation from the Insane Hospitals.

The Treasurer of the Abolitionist Vigilance Society, with a banner: Device—"The man killing the Goose that laid the Golden Eggs."

The Judas Iscariot Club.

The Aaron Burr Association.

The Aaron Burr Association.

A Car, with the figure of Justice "Bleeding at every Pore."

The poets Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier in a carriage drawn by ten fat negroes.

Ellis of Washington, in caricature, carried by Wendell Phillips.

Half-burned copies of the "Habeas" and the "Constitution," carried by Edmund Quincy.

Band playing "There's a nae Gude Luck," etc.

The Raving Maniacs, with wreaths about their heads, led by Abby Kelly.

Strangers to Destruction.

Citizens generally, riding Donkeys.

[While the procession is moving, the Bunker Hill Monument and Faneuil Hall, will be covered with mourning by the "shade" of John Hancock.]

NORTH CAROLINA AND THE UNION.—Extract from the Message of Gov. Manly of North Carolina, to the Legislature now in session:—

"The spirit of disunion, heretofore confined to some particular sections of the country, is now, however, acquiring an expansion and strength that demand the combined counteraction of the sons of freedom and friends of the Union throughout the land. In this perilous straits, let us take neither left nor part. Let us hold fast the Union and the States. The last to come into the holy alliance of the old thirteen, let us be the last to leave it. The footprints of Washington and his matchless co-workers, may be followed without doubtfulness or wavering. It is union which gives us all we are or hope to be. It is the key-stone of our liberty and national greatness, and I claim the privilege of my official station, solemnly to invoke the people of North Carolina, and their Representatives, to beware how they hold communion with any cabal or Convention to sap and overthrow it."

"But let us not be misunderstood. Let it not be supposed that our deep and abiding devotion to the Union, is such as to render us insensible to the just appreciation of our rights, or callous to the strain of disunion. As a southern portion of the Union, we have rights which are ours by the Constitution; ours by compromise, and by the supreme laws which govern us. These will never be surrendered. We take our stand in the ranks of Southern destiny."

AN UNEQUAL MATCH.—We never saw a more unequal exhibition of the "soul and ridiculous" than we witnessed to-day while standing on the railroad bridge at Yorkville, watching the approach of a train from the city. Overboard came the fiery dragon of steam with an air, and rumbled, and roared, while a country dog on a bank near by was watching it with a dilating eye. As it neared he gave a short quick bark, and "went forth to meet the foe." He roared down the bank, and as it he were merely seizing a vagrant pig, was about to take the locomotive by the ear, when we heard a single scream, like the top note of a fiddle, and then all was still. The train swept on, and while we were thinking, "supposing it had been a man," there came in a long slow way the bank our four-footed "brave." When he reached the bridge he looked after the train flitting into distance, and said, in plain English as ever a dog spoke in the world, "I am afraid I made a little mistake in challenging that fellow. I didn't exactly know his breed." And after heaving his forefoot he limped away a "sadder and a wiser dog."—Knicker.

SALT FOR STOCK.—Remember that all seasons of the year, but more especially while our animals are kept on grain, succulent and fermentable food, the supplying a liberal allowance of salt is indispensable to health. Boxes containing it should be kept constantly where they can have free access to them, and partake of the salutary luxury whenever they are disposed to do so.

Never put too much confidence in a man who does not look you frankly in the face when he converses with you. We always distrust men who perpetually look and act as if they were ashamed of themselves.

From the Cincinnati Times.

THE MYSTERIOUS NOISES.

We wrote a paragraph for the Times yesterday, stating that though many persons were ridiculing the rapping manifestations as a humbug that had "blown out," spiritual demonstrations, if ever such things have been witnessed on earth, were being made in our city every day. We have witnessed what were reasonably claimed to be spiritual manifestations a number of times within the last two weeks. We have notes of various demonstrations, which in due time shall be given to the world. There have been manifestations about which we shall speak to-morrow, that are get-able manifestations, by which those who candidly inquire can satisfy themselves whether spirits visit earth and "do something here." The manifestations to which we refer have been made for months, and are independent of any known clairvoyant—but more of them at another time.

We have to-day to speak of manifestations made to us last evening.

We were one of a small circle in which were two clairvoyants. The mysterious noises were heard frequently with more distinctness, than any rappings that it had been our privilege to hear previously. The floor of the room seemed to vibrate. The company gathered around a table, when in the usual method, by questions and taps at the call of the alphabet, the following communications, addressed to us, were received:—

Will you publish all I tell you? I am your teacher Jones. I am satisfied with my treatment on the way to California. I have been home often. I am with you often. I died of cholera. I am entirely satisfied with my death, and have seen the justice of your course about it. I have made manifestations about your house. I will speak to you through a clairvoyant.

In a few moments one of the clairvoyants was thrown with a shock into the magnetic state, and spoke nearly as follows:—

You will understand that it is me, your brother James. To converse by sounds is tedious and tedious. I could tell you all I wish by rappings, and I cannot speak to you except through the organs of clay; therefore I impress a clairvoyant, who speaks as I dictate.

I wish you to remember what I say, and publish it, say that it is from your brother. When I left my friends for a distant country, I was led by strong ambitious impulses. I had a great anxiety for novelty; a burning desire to see the sights and engage in the adventures of the journey. I wished to make myself rich in California. I felt deep regret to leave my friends, but the desire to reach California was stronger. You have had apt reasons that all was not right about my death. I want you to be satisfied. I did not die at Fort Laramie as you heard, but at a place three days journey distant from the fort, near an Indian settlement which has no English name.

When I knew that I must die, it seemed hard, indeed, that I must give up my life away from friends, and be buried in that wilderness. I thought of all my friends, but especially of my mother, and of her feelings when I left home. It was so grievous that I must leave home, and that the news must go back to her. I feared that she would grieve profoundly, believing that there was something dreadful about my death. I feared death, but the pain in my bowels and stomach was intense and soon killed me. All was dark for a moment, then I was happy.

In a moment I was with you at home. I am happy. I am satisfied with the manner in which I will tell you much of spiritual influence and conditions, but cannot do so now. My deceased friends are with me, and are all happy. I shall make manifestations to your family. I have a word to say for another spirit—James H. Perkins wishes you to send word to his family that they must not grieve about his death, but the manner of it. Good evening.

We inquired if the spirit of Mr. Perkins was present. In reply there was a distinct rap near the floor, very different in sound from those made on the table which it was declared were by our brother's spirit.—James, to our knowledge, knew nothing of Mr. Perkins in life. The references to our fears in relation to James' death were just, but it is a matter that has not been talked about anywhere except in our family. The clairvoyant knew no more about his death—the place or manner of it—than the readers of the Times generally.

There were many things connected with the manifestations that were peculiarly convincing, which cannot properly be made public.

The statement in reference to Mr. Perkins struck us forcibly—and as this is now made public, it may be proper to state that Rep. James H. Perkins manifested himself to a clairvoyant, in our presence a few evenings since, in such a manner that a description was given which we immediately recognized. The clairvoyant never saw Mr. Perkins to know him, while living.—His peculiar state of mind at the time of his death was referred to, and the statement made that though he drowned himself he did not commit suicide.

It was stated that he was impressing individuals to carry out the benevolent and philanthropic movements in which he had been engaged on earth; that he had led a distinguished divine of our city, who occupies a peculiar position in reference to

the church—that he drowned himself under the influence of a sudden freak caused by an over action of his mental powers—a mental impulse to accomplish more than was within the power of physical man, and that his death was not to be lamented. On this occasion, the spirit of Rev. J. K. Lord when living, pastor of the Seventh street Congregational Church—was seen and described; also a number of spirits of other persons, about whom the clairvoyant knew nothing in life. The individual to whom these manifestations were made, is one who has in no manner ever been publicly connected with clairvoyance, its manifestations or its revelations.

We report the above "revelations" as they occurred, with such statements as we consider necessary to show the absence of collusion. Every reader can make his or her own objections and speculations. Three different spirits purported to rap in our hearing last night. The sounds were all different and in different parts of the room. From our brother they were on the table—so near and so powerful that we could feel the vibrations—from Mr. Perkins they were on the floor under the table—from another spirit near the floor on one side of the table. More anon. W. T. C.

THE FOUR MAN.

What man is poor? Not he whose brow is bathed in heaven's own light—Whose knee alone to God must bow, At morning and at night—Whose arm is nerve by healthful toil—Whose strength is gained by honest sweat, Or flows upon the fruitful soil, With sweat and toil and free.

Go! let the proud his gems behold, And view their sparkling rays; No silver vase, or yellow gold, Can nurse care away, He cannot know that thrilling dream, Which smiles within the cot, Where sunny looks and faces gleam To cheer the poor man's lot.

What man is poor? Not he whose brow is bathed in heaven's own dew—Who breathes the dew of the heart's own vow, Whose pledge is deep and true, The morning with his active feet, To no enervating drowsy, Not evening and the twilight sweet, Stand light his pathway home.

And there is music to his ear, In the glad voice of his child—His wife with hurried step draws near, With spirit undimmed, Then turn and from the amiable heart, Nor scorn his humble lot; For deeper feelings there may start, Than the proud have ever known.

DEPOPULATION OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The recent accounts from the Pacific have revived the subject of the depopulation of the Sandwich Islands—or rather, more properly, of the extinction of the aboriginal inhabitants, and the occupation of the islands by another race. It appears from a late enumeration that the number of deaths during the past year has more than doubled the number of births. This process, it is evident, cannot continue through a long series of years, without the extinction of the entire population. This depopulation is not a new thing, but has been going on for a long series of years.

Neither number nor position have had a share in the work, the cause of which is a mystery that baffles every conjecture. It seems a thing of fate, strange, mournful and unaccountable. The looker on in vain traces his sympathy to discover the portion of the island. The shift flies from an invisible box. The victims fall here, there everywhere, singly, not in multitudes, and therefore so quietly, that the mortality is scarcely noted or thought of until annually the aggregate of deaths is made known and contrasted with the inferior aggregate of births. Perhaps it is not altogether so much the difficulty that more persons die in the Pacific Islands in proportion to the whole population, than in other countries, as that power are born there. The river of life is poisoned at its fountain.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—The preponderance of the new States in the next Presidential Election, will demonstrate the prominent position they assume now towards the older members of the Confederacy. Thus one half of the aggregate number of Presidential electors—225—will be elected by States west of the Alleghenies. The Great West is therefore, to make the choice of next President; and, fortunately, the West is on the whole true to the Union and the Constitution, and its influence on the course of the government will necessarily be of a most salutary nature.

MEDICAL DISCOVERY.—Our unstarred friends will be glad to learn that the London National and Military Gazette has made the discovery that the wearing of "mantelettes" is conducive to health. It affirms that no mouse can, acting as a part of the breathing apparatus, absorb the cold of the air before it enters the nostrils, and are consequently, a preservative against consumption. Hence it follows, according to the Gazette, that the regiments which wear mantelettes, are much less subject than the others to diseases of the chest.

IS TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION?

A Yankee pedler who had stopped in a Coffee House to refresh himself, one hot day, (says the Yankee Blade,) heard a very sage-looking old gentleman, remark, in answer to a friend who had been relating some marvelous story said to be true, "Truly, Truth is stranger than Fiction." So Jonathan stepping up and slapping the astonished gent on the back said—

"You're mistaken right thar, old boss, daint so—and to prove it, I'll wager you juries for the crowd that I can tell one fiction that'll jest go a little ahead of any truth as ever you heard tell on."

"Good," said the old gent-man, "I'd like to hear any fiction that can go ahead of Christopher Columbus."

"Pshaw! Christopher Columbus ain't a circumstance," said Jonathan; "but here goes;" "Oust I was standing by a big river, out in Salty desert, what was dried up. The sun shone so all-fired hot, that I was obliged to tie my handkerchief over my eyes, to keep from being blinded; and as I was standin' thar, I happened to look down the river, and seed a big boat without any bottom come floatin' up the stream with a hull lot of fellers in her; one of 'em had no eyes, neither no arms—another no legs, and the last chap in the stern of the boat, he had no mouth. Gosh! I never seed such a sight afore, I was scared like blazes—and jest stood and looked at 'em. Presently the chap as had no eyes, looked down and seed a ten cent piece at the bottom of the river, and the feller wot had no arms leant over and picked it up, and then handed it to the chap wot had no legs—and he jumped out of the boat, waded to shore, went over to the grocery shop wot wasn't thar, bot a pint of whiskey, and handed it to the feller as had no mouth, and he drank it up and all the rest got drunk—and the last I seed of 'em, the feller wot had no mouth was singin' 'Hail Columbia!' while the chap wot had no legs was dancin'; the no-eyed chap was readin' a text out on a palm book, and the feller wot had no arms was clappin' his hands and wavin' his hat like blazes—and I left jest about that time. What's Christopher Columbus now, old boss?"

"Helps for the crowd, and charge to me!" roared the old gentleman, as he bolted out of the back door.

GETHESEMANE.

Lieut. Lynch of the United States Exploring expedition to the river Jordan and the Dead Sea in 1849, visited the garden of Gethsemane about the middle of May. He says:—

"The clover upon the ground was in bloom, and altogether, the garden, in its aspect and associations, was better calculated than any place I know to south a troubled spirit. Egal venerable trees, isolated from the smaller and less imposing ones which skirt the pass of the Mount of Olives, form a consecrated grove. High above, on either hand, towers a lofty mountain, with a deep snowing cleft. Of Jehosaphat between them. Growing one of them was Jerusalem, a living city on the slope of the other is the great Jewish cemetery, a city of the dead. Each tree in this grove, caressed and nurtured and fostered by age, and yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the affecting scenes that have taken place beneath and around it. The olive perpetuates itself, and from the root of the dying parent stem, the young tree springs into existence. These are accounts of our thousand years old. Under those of the preceding growth, the future, the Saviour was wont to rest, and one of the present may mark the very spot where he knelt and prayed and wept. No existing building can find entrance here. The geographical boundaries are too distinct and clear for an instant's hesitation. Here the Christian, forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the past, can resign his self to sad yet soothing meditation. The few purple and crimson flowers, growing about the roots of the trees, will give him ample food for contemplation for they tell of the suffering and ensanguine death of the Redeemer."

A MODERN TELL.—The Meredith Bridge (N. H.) Gazette is responsible for the following story: Mr. Nathaniel Whittier, of Lake village, the celebrated "sharpshooter," made two "capital shots," a few days since, which "Kentucky rifle," near the Province Road Meeting House, in Gilmanstown. The first mark was the bowl of a clay pipe held by the stem of the same in a gentleman's mouth, which was hit by the ball and quickly dispatched at a distance of eighty yards. The second shot, the same distance, was at an apple laid upon the head of a gentleman, which was as readily dispatched. This is no fiction.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The most fatal objection that we have seen to the objects of the Woman's Rights Convention is suggested by the New York Herald:—

"There was," it says, "a remarkable omission in all their proceedings. Not a baby, among all the three or four hundred women present was seen—not a whisper, or an intimation, that babies are necessary to the preservation of society, did we hear. That important branch of the subject was dignified entirely. And till some practical substitute for the laws of the Creator are proposed, the Woman's Rights Convention is destined to stumble over the cradle."